

Views of People on Various Topics

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT IT?

Life in Pampanga, P. I.

[Mr. Gee, writer of the following interesting letter from the Philippines, is a son of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Gee, 615 Florida avenue northwest.]

Editor The Washington Herald:

Last Saturday I had the rather questionable pleasure of a trip to Macabebe, Pampanga province. Three commissioned officers, a detachment of the Hospital Corps, and a company of Philippine Scouts are unfortunate enough to be stationed at this isolated post, and payment is made only once in three months during the rainy season, on account of the difficulty experienced in reaching there.

We left Manila at 6:25 a. m. on the Manila and Dugupan Railroad, which consisted of a toy engine and a train of coaches about the size of the obsolete Belt Line street cars in Washington. We were fortunate enough to catch an express train, and went at "terrific speed," at times making fifty miles an hour. This is exceptional, the average rate being about twelve miles. These trains carry two conductors. One comes through and punches your ticket and makes his exit. About fifteen minutes later, when you are viewing the passing scenery, another conductor comes through and gives your first-class passage another punch. In addition to these two, there is an inspector, who boards the train at various other points along the line and looks over your transportation privileges, scrutinizing the previous punches with suspicion, and finally giving the unfortunate coupon another cut.

By the time we reached Calumpit, where we were to change, our tickets and feelings were irreparably mutilated.

The railroad journey was most interesting. On both sides of the track, as far as the eye can reach, are hundreds of acres of rice paddies, all carefully cultivated and yielding immense crops. The rice is grown in square plots, from one-half to one and one-half acres in size, surrounded by small embankments. These plots become flooded during the rainy season, so that each rice plot contains about eight or twelve inches of water. The rice crop in this province has increased 150 per cent during the past three years. The conditions for growing and cultivating it are ideal.

At each station a crowd of native boys and girls would besiege us, with flowers and hard-boiled eggs for sale. We purchased some of the roses, but realizing that the natives prefer an egg after it has become infested, rather than in its primitive state, we did not invest.

We had been told that a launch would meet us at Calumpit, to take us the remaining eight miles of our journey. Upon arriving, however, we were informed by the escort that there was no launch. We boarded a banca, which is a boat made entirely of bamboo, 18 feet long and about 3 1/2 feet wide. Two natives sat at the bow and paddled, while the steersman sat in the stern and guided us. We proceeded for four miles down the Rio Grande, and then struck the Macabebe River for the rest of the trip. The current was terrific, and we made the trip down in forty-five minutes. After leaving Calumpit we did not get a sight of land until we returned. All the territory is under water. Under each pipe, but all of them being built on piles, is from six to fifteen feet of water. In spite of these precautions, many houses are completely submerged. We became impressed with the fact that these people are amphibious—babies not over two years of age swim and splash around in thirty feet of water, while the parents look on, entirely unconcerned. Even the chickens seem to enjoy it, and some of them actually swim from one point to another. For the most part, chickens, hogs, dogs, cats, goats, humans—all live together in one or more rooms. The conditions are indescribable, and one cannot wonder that cholera and plague destroy thousands of them when it once gets a foothold. There is no land here for six months out of every year, yet the riverside is fairly lined with huts, and each hut contains a large family, apparently satisfied with their lot.

We arrived at Macabebe about 9 a. m., made the payment, and took lunch with the three officers stationed there. As you may imagine, they greeted us with outstretched arms—one from the outside world and more than welcome. Macabebe resembles Venice in the way that the water goes from house to house in gondolas. The principal diet of the Americans on duty there is whiskey and quinine.

The Macabebe Scouts are the best native soldiers in the island, and have been proven absolutely trustworthy. They were arranged for one of their annual fiestas, and gayly-decorated bancas and gondolas were in evidence. It was a noticeable fact that the most distinguishable decoration was the American flag. This would not have been so had any other place in the island.

The officers on duty here curse their fate and write several applications for transfer each month. Being only three, they cannot even have a rubber at whist, and in the army this is the most dismal place of all misfortune. The officers' quarters are built about twenty-five feet above the ground, and the usual fifteen feet of water lies beneath. The house is built entirely of bamboo, and is as pleasant as is possible under the circumstances.

During our trip we encountered three different languages. Most of the Macabebe speak fairly good Spanish; at Calumpit the language is Tagalog, and between the two places it is Pampangan. We have become expert in the sign language, and can be fairly well understood anywhere. While waiting at Calumpit we induced several of the Tagalogs to enter into the contest of foot race. We placed a half peso on a line, and put the crowd back about a hundred yards, and at a given sign they made a dash for the money. When they reached the line they piled up in a manner that would have made the Yale or Harvard rowing line green with envy. One tall, lanky native in particular distinguished himself by alighting on his ear for about twenty feet, with outstretched hand picking up the money from between the legs of the man in front. He repeated these tactics for three races, and then we ruled him out of all subsequent events. They all entered into the spirit of the affair, and when we left, a crowd of some 500 or 600 waved us a noisy and apparently regretful farewell.

The return trip from Macabebe to Calumpit was against the current, and we could not help admiring the ease with which the three natives pulled the craft through the swift-running water. Twice we ran into what we thought was a water-soaked log, but which proved to be a carabao. This animal will submerge itself until there is nothing visible but its nose and horns, and seems to enjoy the superfluity of water. Taking all things

into consideration, our trip was most interesting, but truth compels me to say that I have no desire for a repetition.

EDWIN S. GEE.
Paymaster's Department,
Manila, P. I., September 11, 1907.

One Explanation of "Hell."

Editor The Washington Herald:

In plain English, "Hell's fire" are banked," is what Dr. W. A. Croft said at the Secular League meeting on the 6th inst., as published in The Herald the following day. As he made a "short cut" of the business, it may be proper to give an explanation to it for the better understanding of what he meant—or referred to. The city of Jerusalem, which consisted of a toy engine and a train of coaches about the size of the obsolete Belt Line street cars in Washington. We were fortunate enough to catch an express train, and went at "terrific speed," at times making fifty miles an hour. This is exceptional, the average rate being about twelve miles. These trains carry two conductors. One comes through and punches your ticket and makes his exit. About fifteen minutes later, when you are viewing the passing scenery, another conductor comes through and gives your first-class passage another punch. In addition to these two, there is an inspector, who boards the train at various other points along the line and looks over your transportation privileges, scrutinizing the previous punches with suspicion, and finally giving the unfortunate coupon another cut.

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EDWIN S. GEE.
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Editor The Washington Herald:

The writer is not worrying very much about what Dr. Kittredge thinks about his statements. He is not unkind of the fact that many medical men have done great good in the world, have saved many lives, and brought renewed health to many who were in the grip of disease. His statements are not in the least foolish, but they are "remedies" to "cure" disease, which produce disease in well persons.

The profession of helping suffering humanity back to health is the noblest calling, and the writer has the greatest respect for those noble men in that work who are wise enough to assist nature by natural methods. They are the men who do not have to resort to legislation, to bolster up a weak-legged "science," which is a relic of those barbaric days when persons were first used to drive out the "devil" of disease. Their noble work stands firmly on its own merits. There is no merit in poison or pus for the filth of humanity. I know of several physicians, who, after practicing with drugs for over forty years, have given that the sick, and the method up, and are busy trying to cure the disease by the use of applied food chemistry.

Dr. Eli P. Miller, one of the oldest and best physicians in New York City, who has practiced medicine for nearly half a century, says: "Drugs are poisons; they possess absolutely no power to heal, but an untold and incalculable power for harm." Dr. Miller wrote this to Mr. Christian, the food expert of New York City, who is now writing a book on diet, electricity, vibration, hydrotherapy, etc., are curing more people in proportion to the number they treat than the drug doctors." This same wise doctor, for whom I have the greatest respect, says: "All drugs are more or less poisonous, and many of them deadly poisons. My experience has convinced me that more people die from the effects of the drugs given them than from natural causes, or than would die without any drug treatment at all if they had proper advice about food and hygiene." The drugging treatment has hurried thousands to the grave, has produced thousands of hopeless invalids, has crippled thousands more, has produced the worst diseases known to science in the innocent, has caused multitudes to go insane!

Dr. Kittredge again refers to antitoxin. I know many who have had that diseased horse serum injected into their systems, but I think not one who has seen a well day afterward. Regarding "the great white plague," the doctors tried for generations to "cure" it by pouring cod-liver oil down patients by the barrel; croissants was also tried, with as much success. This "fresh-air cure" was forced upon the men of medicine by the "barbarians."

If Dr. Kittredge thinks the writer a fool because he doesn't believe in giving the sick deadly poisons, which will produce disease in the well, he may enter

tain that belief just as long as he can retain it, with the unlimited other beliefs, which is mind is able to absorb.

HARRY R. BRADFORD.
Editor The Washington Herald:

Botanic Gardens Fence Opposed.

There appeared in your issue of Tuesday, October 22, an article extracted from the Boston Transcript that was of considerable interest, and particularly the opening portion thereof, containing a description of our Botanic Gardens.

The article in question and the Grant monument discussion brings to the front another feature of the Botanic Gardens. Why is this, a public park, at the present day and age surrounded by a brick wall and a rusty iron fence? What is there so valuable within the confines of this park that necessitates its being closed in the evenings and on Sundays and holidays? The fence about the Capitol was removed years ago, and the gates of the White House, the President's home, are open, when those of the Botanic Gardens are tightly locked. There is no considerable difficulty in the West or East in the fencing in of government land and the use of it for private purposes. Is there not something of the kind going on "within the shadow of the dome of the Capitol?" R. G. FOSTER, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Ragan and Dr. Van Schaick.

Editor The Washington Herald:

On February 12, last, the anniversary of the good and immortal Lincoln, Rev. John Van Schaick, Jr., having been invited to do so, opened an address on that greatest of American figures, before the assembled pupils of the Eastern High School in this city, with the following words:

Not long ago I attended the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert E. Lee. I heard brilliant addresses by a Senator of the United States, by a member of Congress, and a leader of one of the great parties in the House. But one thing above all others, in the address was made plain: That great as were his achievements as a general, splendid his victories on the field of battle, the greatest thing about Lee was his spirit. When defeat came down upon him, he was a man; he refused to exultate himself; he took up life among his people, and labored to make the Union real, strong, and permanent.

There appears no evidence in connection with this pushed notion that the speaker presented this fulsome eulogy of Robert E. Lee as an example of how different from his career had been the life of the patriot and statesman of whom we speak. He spoke, however, simply, as he evidently believed, Mr. Lee to have been, a great, good, and patriotic man. For this error of judgment, I privately took Mr. Van Schaick to task, vainly hoping (as I now seek to bring about a realization of the facts, in his mind that might lead him to see and to appreciate the greatness of the mistake he had made. This was all that I expected to accomplish, and in this it appears I have failed, for in the Washington Herald for Friday a long and very ingenious worded defense appears in which his strongest plea seems to be that the President and others are standing with him, and that he himself represents a long line of respectable ancestors. Now I shall not object to his shielding himself in any way he can honorably devise, but in justice to myself I would prefer, if I am mentioned at all, to be correctly represented. I did not introduce the resolution, and I did not adopt it, as I certainly believe, by Burnsides Post, neither was I present when they were considered and acted upon. This is all.

W. H. RAGAN,
210 Tenth street northwest,
Washington, D. C.

The Proposed Boulevard.

Editor The Washington Herald:

There has been much discussion lately over a proposed national boulevard from the Virginia end of the Aqueduct Bridge through the government reservation and intervening subdivisions to Fort Myer and Arlington.

The approach to the beautiful national burying ground from the Capital is really a disgrace to the government, and the remedy is so simple and the unsightly driveway so easy of correction that it seems strange indeed to the hosts of visitors who yearly journey to Arlington that the War Department should be satisfied with its present condition and not seek to establish a boulevard more in keeping with the beautiful grounds of the sacred shrine to which it leads.

The government already owns the five acres immediately adjacent to the south end of the Aqueduct Bridge, and its military road, eighty feet in width, extends through it. This area is entitled to no stronger nor uglier name than a dumping ground for Georgetown rubbish and discarded material of all kinds, and it is gratifying to note that the citizens of Rosslyn have lately appointed a committee to lay the matter of the condition of this five-acre reservation before the War Department and request that it be improved and laid out in parking and ornamented with flowers and shrubbery.

This military road also traverses the Dulany property, with a width of eighty feet, and then skirts the hill in a circular course through the Drain property, with a narrower roadbed of only forty feet in width.

The government could enlarge this road through its own reservation and purchase twenty feet more from the Dulany property and continue on through the Drain property in almost a straight line and over level ground to its own military reservation.

The new boulevard should be 100 feet wide all the way, with handsome trees and cement walkways on each side, and the additional necessary feet of roadbed could be purchased now at very reasonable figures. These lands have been subdivided and the lots are selling rapidly, and many of them are being built upon. It will be impossible to buy the land for this great highway except at a very exorbitant price.

Another important thing is, that if the present military road is changed, and a macadamized boulevard 100 feet in width constructed as suggested, it will make immediate connection on the government reservation with the proposed Memorial Bridge to Arlington, which in time will undoubtedly be erected, thus providing a convenient and beautiful circular drive.

THE WASHINGTON HERALD desires to give space freely in its Monday issues to the opinions of readers on any and all subjects of timely interest. Wide latitude is allowed in such discussions, but writers are again requested to keep in mind space limitations. It is impossible to make room for long communications. Be concise and aim to compress your views into 300 words. At the most, do not write over 500 words. It is the desire to hear from a greater number of readers and at less length.

Be Brief and Keep to the Point

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AMONG THE BOXERS.

Sam Berger has been engaged to teach boxing at the University of California.

Bill Squires is still in California, and has been suffering from an attack of rheumatism.

Tommy Ryan is going to train Kid Herman for his coming bout with Packey McFarland.

Jack Blackburn has been offered a chance to box Rube Smith at either Denver or Pueblo, Colo.

Mike Schreck and Al Kaufman may fight at Onopah on Thanksgiving Day in a forty-round contest.

Tex Rickard wants to bet \$30,000 that Joe Gans can knock Battling Nelson out inside of twenty rounds, and even since the fighting Dane has been deaf and dumb.

Fight Promoter McCarrey, of Los Angeles, Cal., has just announced that in the future all pugilists who box at his club will have to work on a percentage basis or not at all, as he is through offering big purses.

Prof. Erne, formerly Young Erne, following in the footsteps of many boxers gone before, proposes to teach the young how to lead and enter, to duck and sidestep, and with that end in view has associated himself with the Pennsylvania Institute of Gymnastics, in Philadelphia. While doing this he will get in shape to meet Willie Fitzgerald

ANALYSIS OF PANICS

way, closely uniting Arlington to Washington and adding a most attractive feature to the many already possessed by the National Capital.

JAMES E. CLEMENTS.

Just a "Square Deal."

Editor The Washington Herald:

I have just read with a great deal of interest the article in Saturday morning's Washington Herald, in which is given at some length an interview with Representative Burleson, of Texas, relative to his effort on behalf of the Southern farmer to have money from the United States Treasury placed on deposit in Southern banks, in order to prevent at this time the sale at a sacrifice of his losses may run into the millions.

RESERVE FUND MAINTENANCE

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The Single Tax.

Editor The Washington Herald:

When Horace Greeley, in a discussion of a financial question, asked his opponent if he was in favor of taxing only real estate, I, upon reflection, became a single taxer. Henry George was not then heard of, and I think Mr. Greeley was inclined to that doctrine. It would reach everybody—the poor man, who rents a cottage, and the rich man, who owns a palace. All the revenues of a State should be derived from land taxes. Vacant city lots should be assessed as much as adjoining ground with buildings upon it.

Everybody has to sleep in a house, and the rent of a room is paid by the tenant. Mike Walsh, a subterranean Democrat of New York, and a member of the legislature, once said: "The rich pay no taxes; every cigar I smoke and every drink I take goes to pay the taxes of some landlord." Productive industry alone provides the revenues for State government, and the socialists contend that the wage-earner now gets less than 20 per cent of the product of his industry.

WILLIAM HENRY BURR.

Trust Bursting.

Editor The Washington Herald:

The zealous trust busters might take a lesson from Jean Valjean, otherwise known as M. Madeleine. It seems, according to the narrative, that M. Madeleine had a trust in imitation jet. When this was bursted by prosecution, the chronicler relates:

"The spacious workshops of M. Madeleine, the buildings fell into ruin, the workmen dispersed. No longer any center; competition on all sides, and on all sides venom. The spirit of strife succeeded to the spirit of organization, bitterness to cordiality, hatred of each against each, instead of the good will of the founder toward all; the threads knitted by M. Madeleine became entangled and were broken; the workman's ship was debased, the manufacturers were degraded, confidence was killed, customers were diminished, there were fewer orders, wares decreased, the shops became idle, bankruptcy followed."

This was the picture drawn by the writer when everything was done on a small scale, instead of a large one.

It is true, this is a story, but the truest stories are those that never happen.

GEORGE C. HENNING.

LIKES OUR WEATHER MAN.

German Expert Approves American System of Forecasting.

Dr. Polts, chief of the Prussian weather bureau, who was appointed by his government to study the American weather service with a view to improving the German system of forecasting weather and distributing the daily reports among farmers, rivermen, and shipping interests, has finished his work, and will to-day leave for New York to take ship for Germany.

The eminent German savant has spent three months in this country, and has applied himself diligently to his mission. He visited Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Niagara Falls, Blue Hill, and other stations of the Weather Bureau, and made copious notes, which he will use in his report to his government, which he will advocate the adoption of the American system for Germany and its colonies.

Dr. and Mrs. Polts were received by President Roosevelt on Saturday.

It is the opinion of Dr. Polts that meteorology and aeronomics will in the future be closely allied, by reason of the one supplementing the other with information as regards air currents and general weather and air conditions. Dr. Polts said that the picture of the balloon for practical purposes of war will necessarily be slow. He thinks, however, that for scouting purposes it has already proved itself of great service.

Dr. Polts will take part in the convention of aeronomics in New York to-day.

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Sam Berger has been engaged to teach boxing at the University of California.

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Are those that do not fluctuate during disturbed conditions of the money or stock markets. First